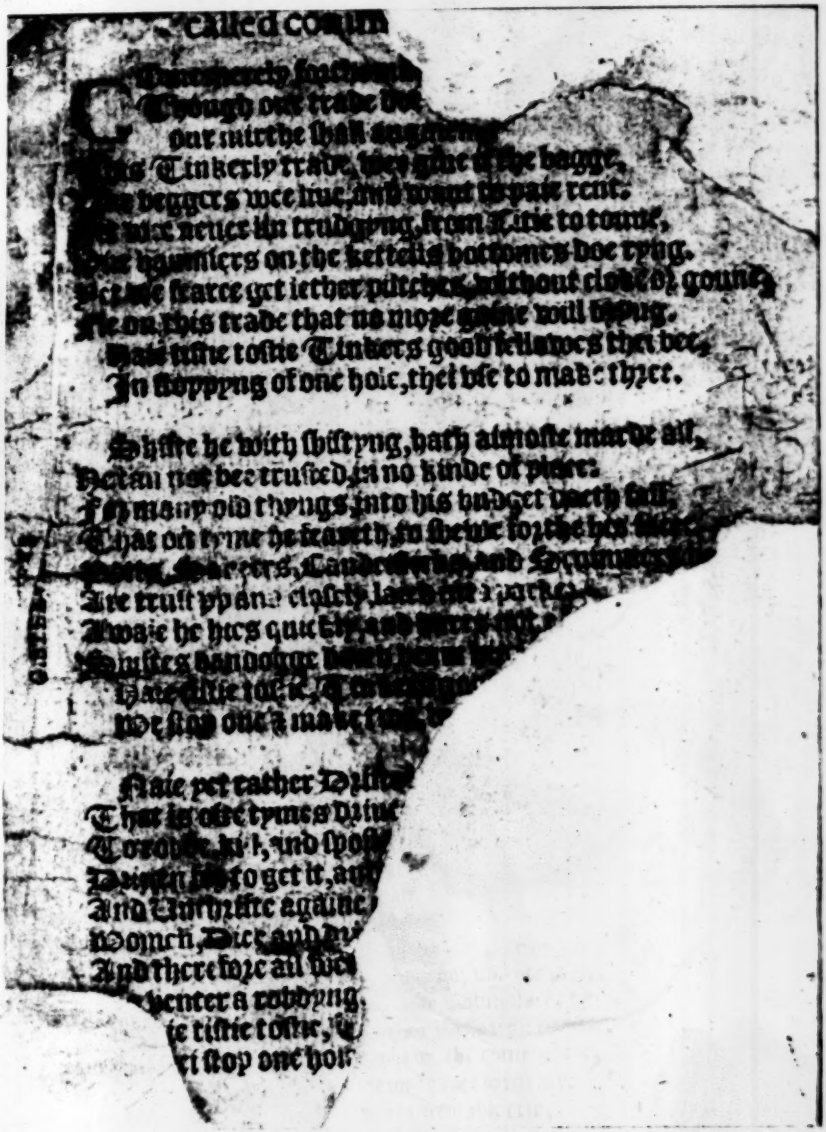

[illegible] Tinkers are at a mad stale, (daie
[illegible] there is nothing but tinkle tinke alby
[illegible] by gogs [illegible], I can not go but my basson must tang,
[illegible] leaue if I had not deuised this drifte, I mought go hang.
[illegible] wellds my masters, I am in the same state you twaine be,
[illegible] bryng their kettles to mende, for one hole I make three
But my masters wot ye what? I heard newes about the court this daie
That there is a gentleman, with a Ladie gone awaie.
And haue with them a little Parasite, full of money and coigne,
By gogs bloud let vs leaue of tinkyng, and followe them to purloine:
For the little knaue hath got it with coggyng, and tellyng of tales,
And therefore by my consent with this coigne, wee will fill our males.
Followe Vnthrift by gogs bloud, here is my hands on that condition
[illegible] will take [illegible] their purses, and saie wee doe it by Commission.
[illegible] by his woundes, although I haue no Commission to showe:
[illegible] not to let them parte, with their purses I trowe.
[illegible] Commissioner gogs bloud, who made a Commissioner of you?
[illegible] no better answer at the bar, thou wilt hang I tell thee true
[illegible] Shift will scape when Drift shalbe hanged,
[illegible] as good as euer twanged.
[illegible] Vnthrift [illegible] parte, and let me trie with the slaue
[illegible] on your pate you knaue,
[illegible] thus one with an other.
[illegible] my hands, and if he were my brother
[illegible] againe and thou dare.
[illegible] at thy bed, I take no great care.
[illegible] but againe,
[illegible] shall at thy bedde amaine:
[illegible] thou dare.
[illegible] I spare:
[illegible] good will, and neuer care.
[illegible] ugh I were a Drumslaer,
[illegible] an other.
[illegible] noddle if you were my brother
[illegible] vs but trie,
[illegible] urde for thee I.
[illegible] heare what I [illegible]

The gentleman with his Ladie, intende to come this waie.
And therefore let vs bee all in one minde, and agree all together,
For I knowe it will not bee long, or thei come hether.
And therefore let vs bee packyng hence, and in a bushe lye,
Untill thei bee alreadie, to passe a long hereby.
And when thei thinke them selues, in the wood moste surest to bee?
Their purses wee will bee so bolde, as share betwixt vs three.
How saie you my masters, how like you this deuise?
By gogs blond fellowe Thrifte, thou art excellent wise. Shifte.
Well fellowe Drifte, because of our businesse, I thee forgiue,
And Ile make thee amendes, and wee bothe skape the gallous and liue.
Shifte this is your knauerie, if you breake ones hedde with a pan, Drifte.
You will giue hym a plaister, to heale it againe if you can.
Well here is my hande, I forgiue thee with all my harte,
Well come on then, incontinent let vs from hence departe. Shifte.

Here enter, Sedmond with Clarisia and Conditions out of the Wood. Exeunt omne

The sillie trauailer that vs atach'd, through wearied toile, Sedm
And forst through meere necessitie, to trace from natiue soile:
Though wearied at his iourneis ende, with painfull trauaill past
Is glad in harte he hath attainde, his iourneis ende at last.
So wee beyng possest as now, with wearied toile like case,
Must liue in hope all trauaile past, to finde a restyng place:
Wherefore sister bee of good chere, cast care from out your minde,
And liue in hope, all sorowes past, our father out to finde.
You see the chirpyng birds beginnes, you mellodie to make,
But you vngratefull vnto them, their pleasaunt voice forsake:
You see the Nightyng all also, with sweete and pleasaunt laie,
Sounde forthe her voice in chirpyng wise, to banishe care awaie.
You see dame Tellus she, with mantell freshe and greene,
For to displaie euery where, moste comely to bee scene:
You see dame Flora she, with flowers freshe and gaie,
Bothe here and there, and euery where, her banners to displaie.
Wherefore good sister cast of care, abiecte this grief of minde,
In hope the Gods for this our sore, a salue no doubt will finde.
Brother Sedmond, the trauailer deserueth place of rest, Cla
In that he taken hath suthe paines, as you before exprest:

But brother wee are no trauailers, that vseth daie by daie,
To rainge abroad in foraine Landes, to trace the beaten waie.
Wee are constrainde through verie force, to flie from natiue soile,
Wee are compeld through crueltie, to vndertake this toile:
The trauailer maie keepe the waie, that likes hym best to goe,
Wee are constrainde to shroude our selues, in woods for feare of foe.
Then brother tell me, whether he or wee doe take moste paine,
Consideryng when he please, he maie retourne to home againe?
You saie the Nightyngale also, with sweete and pleasaunt laie,
Doeth sounde her notes in chirpyng wise, to banishe care awaie.
What pleasure maie wee take in her, or in Queene Flora shee?
What pleasure in dame Tellus eke, thinke you in vs to bee?
No no good brother Sedmond, their pleasaunt noise thei make,
Would rather cause me as I am, all pleasure to forsake.
What pleasure should wee take brother, if all the birdes in feeld,
Were present here at instaunce, now their harmonie to yeeld?
Their pleasaunt voice renewes my care, their sweete melodious sound,
Doeth cause me now with tricklyng teares, in sorrowes to abound.
For thinkyng on the pleasures now, that erst in tyme wee had,
Doeth cause me now to pine for woe, where harte would haue me glad
And therefore brother leaue of talke, in vaine you seeme to prate,
Not all the talke you vtter can, my sorrowes can abate:
From suche vaine allegations, good brother seeme to staie,
litions Naie noble gentleman, vnder correction if I maie.
I haue a woorde or twoo with your sister, by the waie.
How saie you Ladie Clarisia, are you like case contented?
ia. Conditions if thou speake thy minde, it shall not bee repented.
itions Then in your quarrell against your brother, I minde to breake:
So that with licence gentleman, you will giue me leaue to speake.
ond. With a good will Conditions, speake forthe what is thy minde:
itions Then in faithe Ile paie some home, anon in their right kinde.
It is giuen to women to bee obscure, and full of simpriette by the waie,
Proffer them the thyng thei moste desire, thei would it denaie.
Thei are so full of sleightes and fetches, that scarce the Fore hee,
In euery poincte with women, maie scarce compared bee:
For when men praie thei will denaie, or when men moste desire,
Then marke me a woman, she is sonest stirred to ire.

Their

Their heads are fantasticall, and full of varietie straunge,
Like to the Moone, whose operation it is, often tymes to chaunge:
And by your leaue how so euer it goes, the matterie thei must haue,
In euery respecte, or in ought that thei seeme for to craue.
But madame, I hope you will impute no blame vnto me,
Considerying you are a maiden, and full of imbicilitie.
A well maister Conditions, is this my part you take for? Clarissa
Mistresse Clarissa, to my power the truthe I must showe, Condit
Of truthe Conditions, the truthe thou hast tolde. Sedmon
Naie and shall please you, I am somewhat feminative: Condit
For if there bee any thyng in minde, out I must it driue.
Doune with them all, for surelye thei shall die, Shifte.
Ah cruell chaunce, good brother flie: Clarissa
Why, where is the other that was in your companie? Drifte.
By gogs bloud minks, he shall buie his flipng full deare.
And in faithe you wiseld faced knaue, ere you part from hence, Thrifte.
Ile bee so bold as diue in your pocket, to share out your pence.
Naie gentlemen Tinkers, bee good vnto vs twaine, Condit
Make an ende, take awaie all thei haue, I saie once againe: Shifte.
Ah cruell luckleſſe chaunce alas, ah Fortune thou vnsure. Clarissa
That canst in tournyng of thy wheele, still ceuse vs torment.
Suche chaunged heapes of woes (alas) as tongue can not expresse,
For why I see in vaine it is, as now to seeke redresse.
Wherefore you cruell Tyrannes three, dispatche my life in haste,
For why I hope no longer life, suche heapes of griefe I taste.
Tushe dispatche, and when you haue doen, binde her fast to this tree, Drifte.
Least when that we are gone she make an vproze, and wee persued bee:
Come on Lads, fast to this tree, wee intende you to binde, Shifte.
And with your owne handcarcher, your eyes wee will blinde.
So in faithe minks your are faste, for skappng awaie, Thrifte.
A woe bee to the tyme, when first I sawe this luckleſſe daie: Clarissa
Why what shall wee doe with hym, by gogs bloud I can not deuise, Thrifte.
Except we should set hym to kepe Crowes, and picke out bothe his eyes
Oh of all loues haue compassion on me, and serue me not so, Cond.
Yet are yet: And you can not tell what to doe with me, then let me go:
The deuill a penie haue I, and you will hang me on this tree.
Gogs bloud and well saied, for he hath red his owne destinie. Shifte.

Or,

nditions Ha, will you let me goe? In good faithe thanke you I doe:
fte. Naie, staie a while, wee tell thee not so,
For thou art like now to hang on this tree.
nditions Ha and there bee no remedie, but hanged I must bee:
One of you hang before to shewe, how well it will become mee.
ifte. To hang thee or suche as thou arte, wee thinke it but a sport.
nditions Cast not awaie a proper yong man, in suche a kinde of sort:
fte. Tushe dispatche and hang hym straight out of the waie:
nditions. Ha good gentleman Tinker, I beseche you now staie,
What meane you by his woundes, I haue beraied my self out of crie:
fte. Whether thou hast or hast not, thou shalt surely die.
nditions Ha and there bee no remedie, but that needes hang I must:
Giue me the halter Ile to it my self, and laie all care in the dust.
rifte. I am sure thou meanest not to hang, without helpe of a frende?
nditions Ist not as good to hang my self, as an other hale the ende?
fte. By gogs blond my maisters and he will, wee are all content,
For then in tyme for hangyng hym, wee neede not repent.
Well Drift giue the halter unto the Elf:
nditions Ha was there ener little knaue driuen to hang hymself?
Naie I must also request your aide, to helpe me into the tree.
ifte. Naie if thou lacke any helpe, then hang vs all three.
So lewe not dispatche, and with speede make an ende,
nditions What to doe? Drift, Marie to hang thy self:
Naie by your leaue, that is more then I doe intende,
rifte. Why I am sure thou intendest, not to serue vs in suche sort?
nditions Were not he mad would hang hymself, to shewe three Tinkers sport?
fte. Why I am sure to serue vs so, thou doest not intende?
nditions A map foole he were would desperatly dye, and neuer did offende.
ifte. By gogs blond Ile teare hym doune, or els Ile leese my life.
nditions Backe againe or Ile be so bolde, as pare your nailes with my knife.
rifte. Naie looke my maisters, the slaue lookes like an Owle in a tree,
fte. Naie he lookes like a craftie knaue beleue mee:
ifte. By gogs blond Shist he lookes like a madge howlet, as thou hast said
By the Maisons if I had my bowe and bolt, here he should be paid.
nditions Halo, halo, halo, howe. [illegible] th in the tree.
rifte. Why, what doest thou meane, to hallowe in [illegible]
nditions What doe I meane, Marie to haue more companie [illegible] to mee.

By

By gogs bloud my maisters, wee were not best longer here to staie, Shifte.
I thinke was neuer suche a craftie knaue before this daie. Exeunt. Ambo.
Are thei all gone? Ha ha ha, well fare old shift at a neede: Condti
By his wolindes had I not deuised this, I had hanged indeede.
Tinkers (q you) tinke me no tinks, Ile meddle with them no more,
I thinke was neuer knaue so vsed, by a companie of Tinkers before:
By your leaue Ile bee so bolde, as to looke about me and spie,
Least anye knaues for my commyng, dounc in ambushe doe lie.
By your licence I minde not, to preache longer in this tree,
My Tinkerly slaues are packed hence, as farre as I maie see:
Ha, my good Mistresse Clarisia, I am sorie to see you at this staie,
I will vnbinde you that we maie, in all the hast trudge awaie.
And Ladie it is not best for vs, in Arabia longer to tarie,
Seyng that Fortune in euery respect, against vs still doeth varie:
For seyng we are so ny the sea, that we maie passe in one daie,
Cleane ouer the sea to Phrigia, I would not wishe wee staie.
Whereas now your good father sir Galiarbus is,
And of your brother I warrant you, we there shall not misse:
Well, sithe needes we must, I am content to Fortunes becke to bowe Clarisia.
Whom shewes her self an enemie, to me poore wretche as now.
Wherefore a due Arabia soile, fare well my brother dere,
It bootelesse is, I see, as now in woodes to seeke thee here.
Well Ladie, without any farther talke, let vs awaie. Conditio
Procede Conditions, I minde not here in danger long to staie. Exeūt Clarisia.

Here entreth Sedmond wailyng.

THe wight that had a Iuell faire, and by vnfortune straunge, Sedmond
Through negligence hath lost the same, as he abroad did raunge:
The Iuell beyng none of his, but ones that was his frende,
Who did the same betake to him, from foes to defende.
Now beyng lost, through negligence of him that kept the same,
What double griefe thinke you doeth rise, within his breast still frame?
My sister she the Iuell is, whom father gaue to mee,
For to preserue from cruell foe, within my gard to bee.
But I (alas) through negligence, haue lost my sister dere,
Through cruell enemies furious force, within this forest here:
But ha my [illegible] this thy chaunce, that Fortune hath assigned?
Must thou haue to captiue yeeld? Must thou now rest behinde?

Ho

Ha, why did I not betake to flight, the corps that liues in thrall?
Why did I not with thee like case, into their clutches fall?
Would God Lucina shee with sharpe, and crooked crabbed knife,
When first I came into this worlde, had ende my vitall life:
But sith it was not Destinie, nor yet the Gods decree,
With this moste wretched state (alas) I must contented bee.
But farewell now my Coursiers braue, attrapped to the grounde,
Farewell adue all pleasure eke, with comely Hauke and Hounde:
Farewell ye Nobles all, farewell eche Marsiall knight,
Farewell ye famous Ladies all, in whom I did delight.
Adue my natiue soile, adue Arbaccus kyng,
Adue eche wight, and Marsiall knight, adue eche liuyng thyng:
Adue my wofull Sier, and Sister in like case,
Whom neuer I shall see againe, eche other to embrace.
For now I will betake my self, a wandryng knight to bee:
Into some straunge and forraine lande, their comely guise to see. Exit.

Here entreth Galiarbus out of Phrigia.

aliarbus. Who can but smile and laugh to see, the state of Fortune shee?
Who can deuise in rightest wise, to yeeld due praise to thee?
Ha goddisse thou whose countenance strange, doth eb & flow eche daie.
Somtymes thou doest restore to wealth, and somtyme to decaie.
As proof is plainly seen by mee, though banisht wight I was,
Thou hast restorde to wealth againe, farre better in eche case:
Though kyng Arbaccus he, withall his courtly traine,
And eke his route of Parasites, did holde me in disdaine.
Yet through thy tournyng wheele, and variable chaunge,
Hast me restorde to wealth againe, in forraine countries straunge:
How should I duely laude your names, O heauenly powers for this?
How should wee giue you halfe the praise, that you descrue iwis?
Sith that our mortall tongue, vnable is to showe,
The praises that you ought to haue, whiche for our part we owe:
Galiarbus shall not cease, whilst life doeth enioye,
In rightest wise he can deuise, your praise to employe.
For why, though I but knight in Arabia did remaine,
It was my chaunce and fortune good, here in Phrigia for to gaine:
A Lordship greate, the whiche the Duke, hath now bestowed on mee,
Upon condition to remaine, his subiect true to bee.

The

The whiche if I Galiarbus bee euer falsly founde,
Ye heauenly powres doe all agree, my life to confounde:
But am constrainde in spight of force, my wonted name to hide,
Least by that kyng Arbaccus spies, my state should bee espide.
But ha Galiarbus in this thy ioye, what sorrowes doeth abounde?
What sodaine griefes atacht thy minde? what care thy hart doth wound?
What good can all this liuyng doe, to thee in forraine lande?
And seyng children twaine remaine, as yet in tyrauntes hande?
And in vaine tis to sende for them, for why, that cruell kyng,
For mine offence, I this am sure, in prison will them slyng:
Well, of force I must content my self, and liue in care and woe,
From children twaine I must reframe, and for aie them forgoe.

Here enter Lamphedon out of Phrigia.

AS one that sawe an Aple faire, in top of tree so hie, Lamph
And durst not once presume to come, nor drawe thesame a nie:
For that he knewe not what he was, ẏ owde the pece of grouñd,
Wherein the Aple on toppe of thee, in beautie did abound.
Whiche was the cause of his distresse, and double grief of minde,
For that the keepers of thesame, did shewe themselues vnkinde:
This Aple is a Ladie faire, whom I espied this daie,
As I in Forest huntyng was, pursuyng of the praie.
Whose beautie hath bewitched me, euen maugre Dians chace,
To yeeld and bee a Courtier now, vnto dame Venus grace:
Ha Lamphedon, where is become thy stoute couragious minde?
Shall sight of Ladie cause thee now, to lead a life so blinde?
Shalt thou whiche art sonne to the Duke, of Phrigia noble soile,
Refraine thy wonted pleasures past, and vndertake this toile?
Not all the Phrigian Ladies here, could cause thee for to rue,
Ha wretche, and hath a forraine dame, compeld thee then to sue?
And must I yeeld in spight of force, vnto Cupido hee?
And must I leaue my Marsiall feates, to craue her knight to bee?
Whom neuer yet I sawe before? Ha cruell wretche vnkinde,
To shoote that darte to pearce my harte, why shouldst thy self so blinde.
I am to craue her loue (alas) whom neuer yet I sawe,
To shewe like loue to me againe, but did her self withdrawe.
And this the first tyme is (alas) of her I had a sight,
Whose comely lookes & beautie braue, hath wrought to me this spight

Ha Lavie braue, would Gods thou knewest, the loue I beare to thee,
Would Gode the wretch would cause thee beare, again like loue to me.
Why Lamphedon, thou knowest not what she is, perchance a princesse
Ha cruell woordes, I then am sure she will hold me in skorne. (borne,
How dare I then attempt the thyng? How dare I then bee bolde?
How dare I once presume to her, my sorrowes to vnfolde?
Would God when first I tooke my waie, the pleasaunt chase to bewe,
I had been slaine though cruell paine, then should not this ensue:
Would Gods these eyes of myne, whiche giues my bodie light,
Whē first thei bewed thy comely grace, thei had been pluckt out quite.
For if Apelles he were present here in place,
Unpossible it were aright, to pirture forthe thy grace:
But sith that Cupid will not force her, for to yeeld me leue,
Would Gods by other practises, her answeres I might proue,
Or by some secret waie, and hidden straunge deuice.

Here enter Conditions standyng pryuely.

ditions TO meddle with Witchcrafte, I count you not wise,
phedō. What wight art thou that answerest me, in suche a kind of sort
ditions It is harde wimpyng of the cittie, without skalyng the fort,
phedō. Skalyng the fort: I goe not about the Cittie to winne,
ditions Yea but as farre as I can see, Cupid hath hit the pinne:
phedō. What wight art thou that in suche sort, doest seeme for to replie?
ditions He that is by Cupid possest, of force must sorrowe trie.
phedō. I heare a voice correctyng, yet no liuyng wight I see,
ditions He that trusts to a broken bough, maie hap to fall from the tree:
phedō. Ha wretche what so thou be, I would I had thee here,
ditions In vaine tis when the Dogs are wearie, to wishe after the Dere.
phedō. Maie sure, wretche, if I had thee here, thou forcest me to doe it,
ditions Maie with a good will I beseche you spare not, goe to it.
But if I should sturre euer a foote from this place,
He might sone spie me, and then after me would he apace:
There is no remedie but to bym I must, and banishe feare awaie,
For in vaine it is from hence to depart, or the foole to plaie.
Ha noble gentleman God saue your life, for euer to remaine.
hedō. Welcome my freend, didst thou replie, when I did late complaine,
itions No gentleman I am no suche fellowe, as you take me for I,
He deserues death that any gentlemans talke, would so desire:

Of

Of truthe if that I had hym here, his death he sure should gaine. Lamphe
And worthie for deridyng suche a gentleman to be slaine. Conditi
If he knewe that I had answered hym, contrary to euery worde,
He would goe nere to thrust me through, the buttocks with his sworde:
But let Conditions alone, how so euer this geare falles out,
He will vse a pollicie, to dryng this matter well about.
Now this geare cottons law, now shall you plainly see,
Whiche waie so euer the winde blowes, it is for my commoditie:
Ha noble gentleman, I am sorie to see you at this staie,
That at the first sight of a Ladie, you should thus pine awaie.
Why good fellowe how knowest thou my grief, to me expresse? Lamph
He that hath felt loues bitter stormes, must nedes the truth confesse. Conditi
And hast thou been a louer? I praie thee now declare. Lamph
Who I? That haue I been in loue, with my awne mothers Mare, Conditi
But what saie you to hym, that would helpe you vnto that Dame?
Who causeth you this ruthfully, these sorrowes for to frame.
What saie I (q you) Marie I saie he is worthie to haue, Lamph
The thyng that with tongue, is impossible to craue:
But my frende I praie thee expresse, and shewe to me thy name.
Master Affection, noble gentleman, euen the verie same, Condi
Master Affection, ha ye Gods, now see I if it you please, Lampl
It lieth in your handes, my sorrowes for to ease,
Gentleman what so euer lies in my hande, is to your ease, Condi
Commaunde me euen what you list, and Ile doe what I please.
What saiest thou? Lampl
I saie commaunde me what you list, and Ile doe what you please. Condi
I commaunde thee to doe nothyng, but to aide me herein, Lampl
That I the Ladies loue, through thy helpe maie but win:
Whiche if thou canst doe, through pollicie and skill,
Demaunde what thou wilt, thou shalt haue it at thy will.
If I can doe it q you? what kinde of question is that? Cond
Maie put awaie if, for I can doe it, this is plaine and flat:
And therefore noble Lamphedon, you shall wende with mee,
Where secretly you shall stande, her persone for to see,
Then shall you beare by her communication there,
What good will affection, can cause her to beare:
Wherefore noble knight, come let vs awaie.

nphedō. Proceede affection, on thy waie, for I minde not to staie.
nditions You are the better man, therefore you shall first proceede,
nphedō. Tushe, tushe affection, all this courtesie doeth not neede. Exit.
nditions Ha ha ha, this geare saules out excellent well in deede:
Welfare a craftie knaue at a tyme of neede.
Affection q you, why? What a counterfeit knaue am I,
Thus vnder the title of affection, my conditions to applie?
As though it laie in me, to cause suche for to loue?
No no there is an other, that this practise did proue:
For Clarisia seyng this Lamphedon, a hunting in the chase,
Was nigh constrained through Cupids force, to sue to hym for grace.
Now I commyng this waies, the game for to see,
Chaunced to heare hym for her sake, in wofull state to bee:
I will bryng them together sure, how so euer it falls out,
For at length it will redoune to my profite, I doe not doubt.
Roome for a tourne coate, that will tourne as the winde:
Whom when a man thinkes surest, he knowes not where to finde.
Exit.

Here entreth Clarisia alone.

isia. The leured hauke whose rowlyng eyes, are fixt on Partredge fast
And liues in hope her flight once taine, to win her praie at last:
So I through sight of valiaunt knight, within this Forest here,
Haue fixt my eye, vntill I die, vpon Lamphedon dere.
Ha valiaunt knight, whose comely corps, hath wonne my harte for euer
Whose sight hath prest my tender breast, that I shall faile thee neuer:
What double griefs feele I for thee? what woes doe I sustaine?
What heapes of care in tender brest, for thy sweete sake doeth raigne?
Ha Lamphedon, doe pitie here thy captiue in this case,
And graunt that she obtaine of thee, thy fauour and thy grace.
Let not blinde Cupid wrongfully, on me his cunnyng showe,
Let not my loue forsaken bee, whiche I to thee doe owe:
Let not thy minde cleane contrary, be setled on an other,
Ha Cupid blinded God of Loue, take not the tone for tother.
Sith that thou forcedst me to loue, ha mightie Gods graunt me,
That I maie once obtaine his loue, my linked spouse to bee:
But ha Clarisia, thy talke is vaine, he is a Duke his soune,
And thou but daughter to a knight, of meaner state art come.

He

He forceth not thy loue, he waies not thy good will,
Wherefore refraine with cruell paine, and liue a louer still.

Here entreth Lamphedon sodainly.

What needeth further triall then, when Iudge hath heard the tale: Lamph
What needes there further plee in case, when agrements doeth assaile:
What needes the Turtle wishe her mate, and she in place doeth staude?
What neede haue Knights for Ladie sights, to rainge in forrain lande:
What neede I for to sue to thee, thy loue for to obtaine,
O Ladie deare, and seyng that for me, thou doest complaine:
Lamphedon doeth professe he will, to thee be faithfull knight,
Not once for to forsake thy loue, for wrong ne yet for right:
And therefore Ladie yeeld to mee, like promise here againe,
To rest to me, as I to thee, a louer true certaine.
Wherefore O Ladie answere me, to this my question straight.
The sillie fishe that once is taine, must yeeld vnto the baight. Clarisi
Wherefore sir knight right welcome sure, vnto Clarisia shee,
Who almoste felt of Plutos paines, and all for loue of thee:
If all the Troian knights were here, or Grecian in like case,
Whose valiaunt courage did surpasse, eche wight in euery place.
Clarisia doeth protest, as she is Ladie true,
To rest thy loue while life indure, hap so what shall ensue:
And therefore my sweete louyng knight, haue no mistrust in mee,
For I doe whole betake my self, vnto the vse of thee.
So that thou wilt performe the bondes, of wedlocke in this case,
I am content that none but thou, my corps shall sure imbrace:
Wherefore sir knight replie againe, are you herein content:
Els all the powers that sitts in throne, doe ende with cruell dent: Lampl
My youthfull daies, and after that, with Plutò let me raigne,
Where as the greesly Haggs doe rest, with treble care and paine.
And therefore Ladie, here is my hande, eke faithe and trothe I giue,
To rest and be thy louyng knight, whilst I haue daie to liue:
In signe whereof take here this gim, and weare it for my sake,
Upon condition noble knight, the same of thee I take. Clarisi
But yet receiue of Ladie thine, a pledge for pledge againe,
In token that for aye I reste, thy loue without disdaine:
The whiche Bracelet is made of gold, receiue that with good will,
And all that doeth belong to me, shall rest as thine owne still.

Wherefore sir knight receiue the same, of me thy Ladie deare,
phedō. I shall O Ladie for your sake, euen place it present here:
And till I die I surely will, weare it for loue of thine,
risia. And this shall rest in keeping myne, till daies my life define.
phedō. Well Ladie then my wife you are, before the Gods you see,
sia. I am and will remaine my deare, a true Penelepee,
Though I for thy swete sake my knight, a thousande woes should proue
I would remaine as true to thee, as she did to her loue.
phedō. And Ladie, as true will I still rest to thee,
As Leander did, that swome ouer the sea.
Wherefore O Ladie wende with me, vnto my fathers place,
Where we will sone there married be, if that the powres graunt grace:
Wherefore my deare Clarisia, let vs no lenger staie,
isia. To followe you where so it be, Clarisia shall obaie:
Therefore proceede when you thinke best,
phedō. To wayght vpon Clarisia, Lamphedon ate is prest. Exeunt.

Here enter Conditions solainly.

ditions GOd giue you ioye I hartely praie, and sende you both good lucke
And if I might you should be sure, to haue hornes like a Bucke:
isia. Why how now Conditions, where hast thou been all this while?
ditions Ha I thanke to fall a sleepe, as I was liftyng my legge ouer a stile.
isia. And was that the matter thou staiedst so long behinde?
ditions In faithe I haue slept so long that bothe myne eyes are almost blinde
phedō. What master affectiō, of trothe you are welcome, how fare you now
ditions Euen in good healthe noble gentleman, how doe you?
sia. Affection, ye are missformed, Conditions is his name.
ditions By the Masse except I answere wisely, it will tende to my shame,
phedō. I am sure his name is Affection, let hym denye it if he will:
ditions Unto any of those twoo names, I must nedes answere still.
For Affection my sure name is, this is plaine,
But Conditions my Kirsen name is, to either of these twaine:
Answere I will though it tourne to my greef,
Beleue me gentleman, if I lye hang me like a theef.
sia. Naie we beleue thee Conditions, without farther talke,
ditions Well then, will it please you on your iourney for to walke:
sia. Why Conditions, what iourney thinke you, haue we to goe?
ditions Naie let those that are louers iudge that, I saie no moe.

I perceiue he will proue a Foxe, if you talke with him long, Lamph
Who takes him for any other, should proffer him muche wrong: Clarisia
Maie Mistresse Clarisia if time conuenient would serue, Conditi
I could proue that women commonly, that name doeth moste deserue.
But if you please to depart, I readie am on you to waight.
Come Ladie, for we intende from hence to wende straight: Lamph
Proceede my deare for Clarisia is prest to fulfill,
Your minde in euery respect, according with your will.
Wherefore Conditions come and waite still on vs, Exit.
Maie if I be behinde then hang me as high as the house. Condit
Ha are thei gone? was euer knaue beset in traine so before?
Affection of you? well fare at a pinche euermore:
For if I had not roundly answered, to my counterfeit name,
It would surely haue redounde to my vtter shame.
But how so euer the worlde goes, Parasites part I must plaie,
For to get my liuing I can finde no other kinde of waie:
Well I must after to the Dukes place, euen as fast as I maie,
But in the ende marke how the craftie knaues part I will plaie.

Here enter Sabia alone.

LIke as the Rat that once hath tast of Rosalgar or baine, Sabia.
Runnes presently to some moiste place, to coole her poisned paine:
So I beyng posset (alas) through Cupids dierfull dent,
Doeth liue in pining state for aie, that life is well nigh spent.
Ha sweete Nomides who causer art, of this my greef and woe,
For Cupid he hath forced me, all pleasures to forgoe:
In that vnegally at me his poisoned shaft hath raught,
To cause me set my loue on him, who will set me at naught.
But for his sake I fade as doeth the flowers in Sommers daie,
I pine as doeth the Merline she, that could not win her praie:
I greeue I waile my luckelesse lot, I am in wofull state,
I finde no waie that maie impaire, or this my sorrowes bate.
I curse maie sure the time that I, did vewe thy comely face,
I knowe right well in vaine it is to sewe to thee for grace:
I perce the heauens with my dole, and lamentable crie,
I craue of blinde Cupido he, my sute not to denie.
Why was it not my chaunce alas, a princes for to bée?
Why was my fortune to be borne of base and lowe degree:

Why

Why was it ah my deſtinie, to bee a Philiſtions childe,
Why was it not my fortune ha, to come of ſtocke ſo milde:
Whereby I mought enioye thy loue, ha worthie knight moſte ſtoute,
Whoſe comelineſſe doeth farre ſurpaſſe, the knights of Phrigia route.
Whiche cauſeth me through feruencie, to craue of thee thy loue,
Though womanhood denates the ſame, and doeth me ſore diſproue:
Well, here enters he himſelf alone, now helpe ye Gods of might,
And graunt that I obtaine my ſuite, whiche I deſerude by right.
But firſt I will goe ſhroude my ſelf, in corner ſecretly:
To heare if that for any one, he will feme to replie.

Here enter ſir Nomides.

Nomides. Though raging ſtormes of winters force, hath doen their worſt to ſpoile
Though Boreas with his boiſterous blaſts, doeth range in euery ſoile:
Though clotted harde Accarnous froſt, doeth freeſe on dale and hill,
Yet can the warmed Sotherne winde, their ragyng forces kill.
Though Fortune ſhe did froune on me, and wrought for me ſuche fate,
Yet at the laſte all ſtormes once paſt, ſhe ſmiles on myne eſtate:
Though baniſht I from countrey ſoile, and native kin ſolke dere,
Yet hath the powers aſſigned to me, a knightly luyng here.
Whereas I leade my life at reſt, where I minde to remaine,
Untill the ſiſters cut the threede, of vitall life in twaine:
Is for my vſuall name is tourned, and for euer will forſake,
And terme my ſelf ſir Nomides, a knight of lowe eſtate.
Whereby I quietly maie reſt, and liue at eaſe for aie,
But contrary it knowen I were, it would tourne to my decaie:
But for to thinke of father myne, it greeues my carefull breſt,
That he ſhould range in countries ſtrange, and I ſhould liue at reſt.
And eke fare well my ſiſter deare, whom I haue left behinde,
In cruell tyrauntes murtherying hande, thy life ende for to finde:
I can not chooſe but muſt accurſe, the tyme I fled awaie,
And lefte thee ſo behinde to reſt, unto thy foes a praie.
I can not but muſt needes confeſſe I worthie am of ſhame,
Thee auying thee a praie to thoſe, that ſoue thy death did frame:
A cruell brother, mought thou ſaie, I did remaine to thee,
That like a daſtarde fled awaie, when I thy gard ſhould bee.
Well, in vaine it is for to repine, ſith that the powers are bent,
To worke their furie on them twaine, I muſt bee well content.

Well

Well met sir knight, thus solitarie, in feedes your self alone, Sabia.
I am penstiue Ladie but yet welcome to me as any one: Nomid
Not so sir knight, I thinke you beare to Ladies no suche loue, Sabia.
Why Ladie how knowe you that, you did me neuer proue. Nomid
She that should proue I thinke should finde, in you some subtle gile, Sabia.
You women sure are full of that, though oftentymes you smile: Nomid
We women saie, in men you would saie, for women meane so true Sabia.
Saie you so Ladie? for experience then marke, what wordes ensue. Nomid
Speake forthe your minde I am content, if so you will not faine, Sabia.
If so I doe Ladie, I doubt not, but you will replie againe: Nomid
And reason good if wrongfully, you women would disproue, Sabia.
Not wrongfully but rightfully, I shall expresse your loue. Nomid
And therefore Ladie heare my talke, that I in breefe shall speake,
And after if you please againe replie, your minde to breake:
First, what loue I praie you bare Helena, vnto her lorde and kyng?
What constancie in Cresseda, did rest in euery thyng?
What loue I praie you beare Phedria, vnto her Theseus?
When in his absence she desired, his sonne Hippolitus?
What true loue eke bare Medea, vnto Duke Iason he?
Tushe Ladie in vaine it is to talke, thei all deceiptfull be,
And therefore Ladie you must yeeld to me in that respect,
Men still are iust, though women must, their plighted vowes neglect,
Must why be like you thinke it comes to them by course of kinde, Sabia.
Not I my self doe saie the same, but in authors I it finde: Nomid
In authors then you haue an aide, for to dispute with me? Sabia.
But for all your aide in vaie of iestе againe I will replie.
If so you will attentiue be, so that I here shall speake,
With willyng harte I doe agree, that you your minde shall breake: Nomid
Then sir knight how faithfull was Eneas to Didoes grace? Sabia.
To whom he plighted faithe by vowe, none other to imbrace.
How faithfull was Duke Iason he, whom Medea did aide?
When he to winne the golden fleece, by Otes was dismaide?
And Theseus I praie you also, how faithfull did he bide.
When that the vowe he once had made, to Ariadne he denide.
How faithfull was Deomedes, one of the Grekishe true,
Though Troilus therein was iuste, yet was he founde vntrue:
And so betweene these twaine, and Fortunes luckelesse hap,

She was like Lazer laine to sit, and beg with dishe and clap.
Tushe tushe you see to trust in men, whose fickle braines are so,
That at the first sight of euery wight, their plighted vowes forgo:
And therefore you must weigh in minde, though women sometime misse
Men will doe so, though to their wo, it doeth ensue I wisse.
mides. In deede Ladie I must confesse, that you the truthe haue saied,
bia. Then sait that you were conquered, in talkyng with a maide:
mides. Naie Ladie he that talkes with you, vntill the feeld he gaine,
Should proue the labour he should take, bothe frustrate, fond and vaine
For why, though men can win the feeld, bothe honour praise and fame,
Yea women by their subtill sleights, full sone their deathes can frame:
And therefore Ladie I must graunt, you are too strong for me,
And if I were a iudge certaine, ye women should Lawiers be.
ia. Women? why then what would you haue, poore witnesse men to saie
mides. To standе and heare, and iudge aright, vpon the womens plaie:
ia. Well then shall you be a iudge to that, which I in place shall speake
mides. Well then procede, & let me heare, what woordes you mean to breake
ia. There was a ship that chanst to saile, athwart the ragyng sea,
And beyng in the middest thereof, at Anker and at ease:
In sodaine there arose a storme, and fillie Barke so tost,
In suche a ragyng kinde of sort, that Ankers all were lost.
Now Ankers beyng gone, and Cables in like case,
The fillie Barke by tumblyng waues, was tost from place to place:
The Mariners did quake for feare, to see that luckliesse daie,
That to the Gods with humble suite, their all began to praie.
The Gods then hearyng of their plaint, and lamentable crie,
Did driue them straight by force of winde, vnto an hauen by:
Whereas their hope for aie to rest, if powers doe graunt them grace,
Lo now sir knight, iudge you aright, on this my wished case.
ides. Naie Ladie if you put so hard demaundes, vnto your iudge at furste,
He must haue tyme to pause thereon, least he should iudge at woyst.
Then would you put some blame in him, and saie he did you wrong,
Therefore he giues the iudgement to, your self that are so strong:
Good Ladie let me heare the same, I hartely require,
b In hope to haue my wished will, you shall haue your desire.
The ship whiche I spake of before, is I my self sir knight,
And beyng once inflamed alas, by Cupids ragyng slight:

Mas.

Was toſt on waues of wrackfull wo, and all for thy ſweete loue,
I forced was with humble ſuite, to craue of Gods aboue.
To ſende to me ſome pleaſaunt tyme, that I with you mought talke,
Where now it was my chaunce ſir knight, to finde you in this walke:
I forced am of feruencie, to craue of you your loue,
And eke to ſet all ſhame aſide, your good will for to proue.
Graunt me therefore, O worthie knight, that none but onely I,
Shall thee poſſeſſe for louyng fere, vntill we bothe ſhall dye:
Refuſe me not that am thy freend, who loues thee as her life,
And graunt that none but Sabia ſhalbe thy onely wife.
Lo this is all O worthie knight, that I of thee require,
Forſake not thy deare Ladies ſuite, but graunt to her deſire:
Madame the harte that once is fixt or ſet, and hath that likes him beſt Nomid
What needes it for to ſeeke for more, to breede his more vnreſt:
My harte is fixt vpon the thyng, that I alreadie haue,
And therefore Ladie in vaine it is, of me ſuche loue to craue:
I am none ſuche that liues by loue, I ſerue not Venus traine,
I force not of blinde Cupid he, I holde hym in diſdaine.
Though Poets terme hym aged and laie, he ſhootes from Skie,
The whiche by good experience, I ſtraight ſhall here denye:
Luſt fauouryng follie fonde, did falſly forge and faine,
Loue for a God, becauſe he mought, his freedome more attaine.
And therefore leaue of ſuite, and craue no loue of me,
Whiles I haue life this is certaine, I will no louer bee:
And therefore Ladie now adue. Exit.
A woe be to the tyme that firſt, I did begin to ſue, Sabia.
Now farewell all my hope of hym, whom I thought to enioye:
Whoſe ſight it was that forced me, to waile with greate anoye,
Ah cruell Gods of Loue, O craftie cancred wight,
That wrekes thy furie vpon me, and touchest not that knight.
Ah ſir Nomides whiles I doe liue in loye,
None other ſhall attaine my loue, though it breede myne anoye:
And ſtill will I incroche on the, thy onely loue to haue:
Though for thy ſake I ſhould betake, my ſelf to wofull graue. Exit.

Here entreth Condition.

Ah ah ah this greare cottes, I muſt ſaie to you, Cond
I haue wrought a fetche to fet them by the eares, hap what ſhall enſue

By my honestie it doeth me good, that I so craftie should bee,
For the Duches is fallen out with Clarisia, long of me.
For I told certaine of her waityng maides, how the people in eche place
Giues Clarisia the praise, and saies she excelles the Duches grace:
Whiche when she heard so chafed, that it was straunge to beholde,
On the other side Lamphedon would not haue his Ladie controlde.
Thus haue I set them together by the eares, hap what hap shall,
And marke the ende of this geare, whiche waie it shall fall:
For Clarisia hauyng an vnkle Mountanio kyng of Thrace,
Will no longer here abide, but straight waies thither will trace.
And now the sea coast haue I been, shippyng to prouide,
For my Master Lamphedon and Clarisia, against the next tide:
I must awaie roume for a cutter, that is euery inche a man,
A villaine that will set a thousande by the eares if he can.

Here entreth Lamphedon and Clarisia.

phedō. CLarisia and my deare wife, before the Gods by bowe,
With lukyng eare doe marke in breef, what I shall saie to you:
Though mother mine the duches she, suche rigor semes to show
And all for the good will whiche I to you, doe beare and owe.
Let not the same dismaie your minde, cast pensiuenesse aside,
For till that life be taine from me, my truthe shall sure be tride:
And therefore Ladie seme not to depart, I thinke it best,

sia. A my Lamphedon deare leaue of, and graunt thy loues requeste.
Seme not to staie with Ladie thine, in Phrigia to her woe,
But come and wende we presently, to Thracia let vs goe:
For my vncle Mountanio kyng of Thrace, hath sent for me,
And in his letter he hath sent, my louyng knight, for thee.
Desiryng vs to come to hym, and that incontinent,
For why he hath no childe aliue, we knowe not his intent:
Perchaunce my deare, he will bestowe on vs, some goods or wealthe,
Where as we maie more quiet liue, in perfecte ioye and healthe.
And so our absence maie in tyme obtaine your mothers loue,
Whereas our presence beyng here, to anger doeth her moue:
Wherefore my loue deny me not, but let vs hence departe,

ıedō. A cruell mother to thy child, cheef cause of this his smarte.
Must I from liked soile depart, on seas in ship to saile,
Where oftentimes through force of waues, the carued plancks do faile?

Puff

Must Ladie myne taste the like wrong? A cruell parentes sure,
That to your onely sonne you could, suche heapes of care procure.

Here entreth Conditions sodainly.

GOds ames are ye yet here, I haue been seekyng you all about, Conditi
To certifie you of newes, whiche are so true out of doubt:
The Duke your father, hath made greate search for you twaine
And doeth intende to imprison you bothe, this is plaine.
And all vpon the request of the Duchesse, if you doe not flie,
I am afraied you and your Ladie, are like for to die:
And therefore of all loues come come, let vs awaie,
Conditions, come hether man, and a while doe thou staie, Lamph
I praie thee tell me, is it true that thou doest now saie?
What a mad man are you? Take me with a lye, Conditi
And whip me that all villaines, maie take example thereby.
Ah cruell parents to your childe, and would you seeke his death? Lamph
And can your hartes agree in one, to stop his vitall breath?
Ah heauens, shall man in crueltie passe, the Lion scarce in feeld?
Whiche can compell eche liuyng beast, vnto his strength to yeeld?
Yet the Lion doubtes to slaie his whelpe, or doe it any wrong,
The Serpent with the Tiger eke, whiche are bothe fierce and strong:
Will neuer seme at any tyme, their pongiynges for to greeue,
But will them nourishe tenderly, till thei haue strength to liue.
Is Nature cleane exiled quite from thee, my cruell sire?
Is pittie put from out thy minde, to wreake on vs thy ire?
As fatherly loue cleane gone from thee? is mercie not in minde?
Is crueltie crepte into thee, that thou art so vnkinde?
Ah Gods, now farewell Phrigia soile, farewell aie parents twaine,
Who seekes to put my loue and me, to death and cruell paine.
Ah my beloued Clarissa, I waile to thinke of thee,
That thou shouldest sustaine suche wrong, for loue thou beares me:
Impute vnto thy louyng knight no blame, for this my dere,
For gladly if I could I would haue carted with thee here.
Here: then were you vnwise if here you would staie, tis plaine, Condit
To haue your Ladie and your self, of all holden in disdaine:
And therefore without farther talke, let vs abide no longer here,
If you doe I am afraied you are like, to buye your tarying dere.
Well then Conditions I praie thee with speede, our shipping prepare Lamph

nditions Tushe tushe, this is alreadie doen, let that be the least ende of your care.
And therefore of all loues let vs begone, least vnwares we be taine,
Misteris Clarisia, of all loues perswade hym to depart amaine:
isia. Ah my Lamphedon, wende we hence incontinent with speede,
For why, to worke our finall ende, thei fully haue decreede.
You nerde not feare for want of ship, Conditions hath been thare,
At the sea coste alreadie sure our shippyng to prepare:
And therefore let vs hence depart, and that incontinent,
phedō. Well then let vs depart my deare, sith that you are so bent.
nditions Are thei gone? Conditions? Naie double conditions is my name,
That for my owne aduauntage suche dealynges can frame:
Naie, if wee come in courte againe to serue a kyng,
Hang me if I giue not a thousande of them the flyng.
To Tharcie ꝙ you: There could be no better iourney for me:
Well I must begone, for I can neuer be well, till I a ship boorde be.

The Mariners within.

ster. Ha la how, boies a baste, there cast haulser a lande,
st.Mate Vere vere, come no nere least we grounde on the sande:
swaine Lanche out the Cocke boies, and set the Maister a shoare,
e. The Cocke is lanshed, eche man to his oare.
nditions Harke, here comes our Mariners to seke for Lāphedō & Clarisia she,
Who I am sure by this tyme alreadie, a shipborde be:
ster. A shoare, a shoare, eche man on the lande,
t.Mate. Boie, come vp, and grounde the Cocke on the sande.
nditions Twentie pounde to a penie thei are Pirats, that lands here about,
Ha, I am beset in suche a sort, that I can not get in nor out:
There is no remedie but I must stande to my tacklyng, hap good or ill:
I must nerdes drawe, but if I fight it shalbe against my will.

Here entreth the Pirates with a song.

ter. Ha couragious my mates, and excellent well doen,
t.Mate By gogs blond Maister we were happie, when to rob we begun:
swaine It doeth me good to see what booties, we haue had on the seas,
Whiche redounes to our profite, though to others disease.
. Though I be but shipboie, I must needes speake my minde,
If the whole seas were searched, suche a shipfull of theues you could not finde:
Speake soft goodman boie, least we be espied,

What

What Pirats? Maie incontinent I will haue that tried. Condit
Gogs woundes defende ye, for ile take you all my self,
Wilt thou so? Maie, none but the shipboie shall deale with the Elfe: Maister
With a boie? if you be men drawe, and come trie with me all, Condit
Wilt thou so? By gogs bloud this is a boide enterprise of a squall. Maist.M
Well sith he will needes, ile deale with hym my self hande to hande, Boteſw
Come on then, strike it out at length: but what are you Mariners? Condit
I will not deale then with you, for all this lande,
For thei be good fellowes, thei be no quarellers.
Why not with Mariners I praie thee? Come let vs trie it out, Boteſw
Deale thy hande, it shall not be so, to put thee out of doubt: Condit
Were it with drie water souldiors I would deale, if here were a shore,
For I haue dealt with sortie at a tyme and more.
Then it were too muche for me to deale with you alone, Boteſw
That is true, for of a little man, where I hit I breake the bone: Condit
I praie you sir shewe vs why you beare Mariners furbe good will: Maiſter
Be cause I am a Mariner my self, and haue excellent good skill. Condit
And haue you suche excellent good skill in deede? Boteſw
Then why like a landman goe you in suche a weede?
Least the good deedes whiche I haue doen on the seas, Condi
Redowne to my small comfort and ease:
Why then it seemes by thy talke, thou hast been a Pirate or this? Boteſw
Yea in faithe haue I, and that knowes Mariners shipe swis. Condi
By gogs bloud I will haue hym a shipborde, or els I will die, Maiſte
That is enough ile take you at your worde, seyng there is no remedy Condi
Will you haue me a shipborde, whether I will or no?
Yea surely defende thee, for I intende so, Maiſte
Staie, staie, shall I be a sharer if quietly I goe, with you aborde? Condi
There is our handes, we will make thee our captaine at a worde. All.
A Captaine? here is my hande, to goe with you as is your desire, Condi
But it were vncomely to plaie the sea man, in landmans attire:
No more thou shalt, for our other Captaine is dede, Maiſt.
And thou shalt haue his attire, and his roome, and lie in his bedde.
Well then come on, and let vs a shipborde straighe, Cond
Wee are all readie on our Captaine for to waight: All.
But sirs, there is a bootie towardes, if ye followe my aduise, Cond
And goe to worke with all, and shewe your selues wise.

What

All. What is that, Captaine? Declare to vs all:
nditions It is a praie that will enriche bothe greate and small.
And tis this, there is a certaine Gentleman with a Ladie,
Readie shipt to saile into Thrace,
With greate aboundance of riches and wealth,
Now if we could get into their waie by stealth,
We should haue suche a bootie, that we neuer had suche an other.
tesswaine By gogs bloud he is an excellent Captaine, and far excels our other,
Captaine let vs a boorde, we are bounde to doe what you thinke best,
nditions Come on then, let vs awaie, that in Mariners attire I were drest.
Exeunt.

Here entreth Mountagos with his daughter.

ountagos COme Sabia by and by and shew your father straight and queeke,
In what place in te bodie, you be so sore seeke?
By tinke you haue te greta deseza, in te belly and te heda,
By Gots lorde Sabia you loue te man, me am afraida.
And you so doe Sabia expresse to your father by and by,
By cotes lorde me giue twentie hundret pounds in mariage truely:
And terfore letta me kno te man good Sabia my shilde,
For me kno well experienza you loue te man, me am no begilde.
ia. Good father seme not to demaunde the thing I can not showe,
The wight whom bourdned I am with, of truthe I doe not knowe:
If that I were in loue at all, in vaine it were for me,
At any tyme to hide the same, suche skill remaines in be.
untagos A Sabia, saie me nota so, for me kno by good experienza,
You loue te mana long a goe, terof a me laie a hundred penza,
Ha ha Sabia, how now, whata saie you apon tis gearra?
Se kno by good knoledga, and your countnance a deseza you beara.
And terfore Sabia expreza your fater whata gentelman a be,
Efata Sabia me doe whata me can, to maka te mariage truely:
If a be Marchanta, or Gentelman, or knighte, or whata mana a be,
Wit my passyng conynga, me can make hym loue tee.
And terfore expreza your fatera by and by.
a. Well, sith there is no remedie, in vaine it is to deny.
Sir Nomides it is that knight of Arabia, whom I doe loue in harte,
And will vntill his loue I winne, though I from like departe.
Lo now ye knowe the wight, O sier, whom Cupid caused me to loue,

But

But by no meanes I can deuise, hym will no pitie moue,
Though oftentymes I did intreate, still calling shame a side,
As often he refused the same, and still my suite denide:
Loe now my sier, you knowe the wight, whose sight hath perst my brest,
That for his sake I maie not take, at all my quiet rest.
Sir Nomides, ha ha Sabia, data te mana dat causes you be seke so, Mount.
Mee kno well you loue te man, by good knolega longa go:
Well Sabia come home your faders house, mit out delate,
For me will goe speake mit sir Nomideza straight weap.
And me can mit my cumpnga, me will Marie you twaine,
Terfore Sabia, come home to your faters house me saie againe:
Yes father sith that it is your will, I readie am to waight, Sabia.
Well ten come awaie Sabia, mit your fater straight. Exit Mountagos. Mount.
Ah cruell crabbed curishe impe, ah stubborne strong stonie harte, Sabia.
That can constraine a Ladie, so to suffer deerly smarte.
How canst thou saffely without shame, denaie a Ladies proffer?
Perchance thou maist liue thyrle so long, and neuer haue like offer:
Ah heauenly powers doe graunt that he, maie taste of my like paine,
And graunt he fancie one, whose loue he neuer shall attaine.
And furies all agree in one, to broile within her brest,
Whom he shall fansie in suche sort, that she maie hym detest:
Then knowe I that he feeles my paine, then tasteth he my greef,
Then hope I that in tyme he will, of me take some releef.
And that the same maie come to passe, Alecto perce her brest,
That emongst all she vewes with eye, she maie hym most detest:
So hope I that in tyme I shall perforce, obtaine his loue,
Through cunnyng skill of father myne, and helpe of Gods aboue.

Here entreth Lamphedon lamentyng.

O Ye gods how haue I been through Pirats force on seas surprest Lamph
When that we thought moste quietly from foes, to saile at rest:
How haue the Gods been chaungable, or mutable in this case,
How haue I been on tumblyng waues, sore tost from place to place.
How did those cruell Pirats thei my corps, caste into seas?
And yelded me to Neptunes waues, to carie me where he pleas:
How rigorously deale thei with me, and my Clarissa dere,
Who I knowe well with cruelitie, was drouned with me there.
Ah ye powers, is Ladie myne bereft of life, or doe I but surmise?

Or doe I but imagine so, or doe I but deuise?
Deuise what needs I to deuise on that, with eares I heard?
Then wretche vnto thy eares of force, thou must giue moste regard:
Dealt not thei cruelly with thee? Then what cause had thei to slaie,
But worke thy Ladies finall ende, as thou didst heare them saie?
How can the swellyng waues enclose, that tender corps of thine,
How could the cruell God of seas, so bewe thy latest fine:
A Zepherus, would thou hadst closde my loue in thy sweete blast,
When pirats flounc her ouerboorde, and on soft grounde her cast.
Why was it not my chaunce alas, to ende my daies in flood,
Why did the powers assigne to me, to laude in place so good?
Ha wretche hast thou forgot that Ladie thine, in seas is drounde?
Drawe forthe thy lingering blade with speede, and giue thy self a woūd
Sith that her ioye was lope to thee, let her death be thine also,
And with this gorying blade of thine, deriue this harte from wo.

Here entreth the Mariners with a song.

Lustely, lustely, lustely, let vs saile forthe,
The winde trim doth serue vs, it blowes at the North

All thinges we haue ready, and nothing we want,
To furnishe our Ship that rideth hereby:
Victals and weapons thei be nothyng skant,
Like worthie Mariners our selues we will trie.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

Her Flagges be newe trimmed set flantyng aloft,
Our ship for swift swimmyng oh she doeth excell:
Wee feare no enemies, wee haue escaped them oft,
Of all ships that swimmeth she bareth the bell.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

And here is a Maister excelleth in skill,
And our Maisters mate he is not to seeke:

And

And here is a Boteswane will doe his good will,
And here is a ship Boye, wee neuer had the lecke.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

If fortune then faile not, and our next voiage proue,
Wee will retourne merely, and make good cheare:
And holde all together, as freends linkt in loue,
The Cannes shalbe filled, with wine Ale and Beare.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

Saie lively by gogs bloud, this bootie was for our purpose fit, Maister.
It doth me good to thinke, how I whoyld hym ouer boorde yet:
And it doeth me good to heare, the Ladie at euery woorde, Boteswa
Destroies not to whoyle her louer ouer boorde.
But she might crie her fill, for she was neuer the soner heard,
For I helpt to whoyle him ouer boorde, to her criyng I toke no regard:
When our captaine heard it, he was in a rage, that it was straunge to se
And out of hande would needes fight, and saied it was long of me.
Seyng our captaine is gone with the Ladie, to Marcus Ile awaie, Maister
Let vs make haste a shipboorde, without longer delaie:
Content Maister, we intende to tary nō longer here,
Naie staie you impes of Limbo lake, I waight your comyng nere. Boteswa
Ah wretches who haue drounde my loue, in flouds of cruell force, Lampha
Defende you straight, for I doe waight, to wreke it on your corse:
Wherefore I saie, defende you straight, my force you sure shall trie,
Ah wretche, and art thou yet aliue? Be sure we will thee not denie. Maister
Ah Gods what chaunce is this that he, should swim to lande?
I repent by Gods I sweare, I tide hym not foote and hande,
But well, sith that thou skaped art, from drowning in this case:
Prepare thy self, either thou or we, shall ende their liues in place,
Wherefore ah wretche we thee defie, as enemie to thy face,
In hope of victorie I of you, in my sweete Ladies case. Lampl
And therefore wretches, prepare you to die, Boteswa
Thei are but fooles that from thee would flie: Theis
Ha Gods, he þ doeth trust to muche his strēgth, maie chāce to lose his
O staie thy hand corragious knight, good newes here of thy wife. (life Boteswa

nphedō. My wife? Ha wretch thou & thy mate, haue drownd her corps in seas,
ilter. Ha no sir knight that is not so, rigor somewhat appease:
And I shall surely shewe you all,
nphedō. In hope to heare good newes of thee, I sure pardon thee shall.
Stande vp and let me heare with speede, what thou canst here expresse:
ster. Well, sith there is no remedie, the truthe I shall confesse:
The Ladie she hath still her life, and arriued in Phrigia here,
But going to Marofus Ile, to liue as captiue there.
For why, we sent our Captaine, now to sell her if he might,
To one Cardolus, who doeth keepe that Ile by valiaunt fight:
Whom when he hath, he doeth enclose, in mightie turret hie,
To see if any dares presume his force, and strength to trie.
And least that he should seeme perforce, to take her and not paie,
We sent our captaine who will trie his strength bothe might and daie:
Unles he haue what is his due, loe heare, O worthie knight,
Vouchsafe to haue remorce of me, who haue expresst the right.
And graunt that I maie now depart, with this my life awaie,
phedō, In hope thou hast expresst the truthe, I minde thee not to staie:
Well for this once I pardon thee, depart hence when thou please,
ster. Then lustily once more by gogs bloud to the seas.
Why I thinke it be my destenie to be hanged or drownde,
I thinke neuer to dye in my bedde, for a hundred pounde. Exit.
phedō. Proceede Lamphedon courageously, Cardolus strength to trie,
And either winne thy loue perforce, or in his handes doe die:
Shall Ladie thine thus liue in thrall, to tyraunt fierce of might?
Shall thy sweete Ladie waile for woe, in turret daie and night?
No Lamphedon, let footesteppes thine be prest, to Marofus to trade,
In hope to subdue the wretche, with this thy gorging blade:
Let manly courage there bee showne, let valiaunt harte be tried,
Let not this profered challenge eke, of thee once be denied.
Shall my Ladie liue his thrall? No Cardolus thinke not but I,
Though thou hast Hercules force, thy might and strength will trie:
Or if that Cerberus his might, did rest in bodie thine,
I would not doubt for Ladies sake, thy vitall daies to fine.
Whiche doen, my ioyes would new increase, where sorowes yet be rife
If that through helpe of mightie Mars, I maie obtaine my wife.

Here entreth Clarissa and Conditions.

My

Mistris Clarisia caste of care, Condit
For your Lorde Lamphedon doe not feare:
He is in healthe though you thinke hym to be drounde,
And thereof I dare laie fiue hundred pounde.
Oh Conditions, on that condition I thinke all trauell no paine, Clarisia
If thereby I mought winne my Lamphedon againe:
But ha alas, he is drounde I am sure,
Ladie Clarisia, leaue of this talke, that your greefes doeth procure. Condit
If you will followe my counsell, and cast of all this doubt,
I will deuise a meanes to finde my lorde Lamphedon out:
Yes Conditions I am content, and doe agree to thy will, Clarisia
Then in one respect you must needes my requeste herein fulfill. Condit
And that is this, you must become a seruaunt to a knight,
Who dwelleth here hard by, who Leostines highte:
And whilst you abide there, my self will goe searche all about,
Night and daie, vntill I haue founde my lorde Lamphedon out.
And when I haue founde hym, doubt you not but that we twaine,
Will by a subtell meanes conueigh you from thence againe:
How saie you Ladie to my deuise, are you herein content,
Yes Conditions, to thy counsell I could well consent. Clarisia
If thereby I mought obtaine my louyng knight againe,
Doubt you not that I will omit any kinde of paine: Condit
Vntill I haue founde hym either on sea or lande,
Belene me as I am an honest gentleman, here is my hande.
But I must request one thing more, you must change your vsuall name
Least you beyng knowen, all our woes would frame:
And whereas your name is Clarisia, let it Metrea bee.
Whiche doen I doubt not but your knight, in good health you shall see
I warrant thee my name is Metrea, what so euer thei saie: Clarisia
Well you must your self to the knights place take your waie, Condit
But besides, you must counterfeit your progenie as you maie.
Least in vttering thesame, you worke your owne decaie,
Doubt you not Conditions, for that I was borne in Phrigia here: Clarisia
That is sufficient, what so euer thei demaunde, holde you there. Condit
Well ladie here lies the readie waie, towardes the knightes place,
Depart when you please, I must seeke out my maister in any case.
Content Conditions, and fare well till we meete againe. Clarisia

ditions You will not beleue how I greeue, at the partyng of vs twaine.
sia. I praie thee be content Conditions, waile nomore for me,
ditions Ha my good master & my good mist. for you I am as sorie as I can be
sia. I praie thee leaue of Conditions, in hope of merie meetyng. Exit.
ditions Ha now a plague of al suche villains, that caused vs to haue surhe gre-
Ha my good mistres leaue you of your wailing, so sore for me: (tyng,
For I knowe you too well, kinde harted for to be,
What is she gone? haue I bin howling all this while, & knew not wher-
Nate and she be gone so sone, by her leaue ile lament no more. (fore,
Ah sira, to see the dissimulation of a craftie counterfeite knaue,
That by flatterie can bryng to passe, the thing he would haue:
Weepe you? I haue wept in deede, to put you out of doubt,
Euen as muche as will driue halfe a dousen Milles about.
But I must laugh to thinke on my Pirats, filchyng knaues,
Their captaine hath booyde them, through their noses like slaues:
Thei were not contented to make me captaine, to serue them aboorde,
But thei must make a Marchaunt of me, with Target and Swoorde:
Thinkyng I would deale with Cardolus, if he would take her awaie,
Naie by your leaue for womens causes, ile deale with no suche plaie:
Fight who so list, for me,
But by this meanes I haue deuised, to set the ladie free.
I would not be a boorde againe, for fiue hundreth pounde,
I dare sweare in one hower I should be bothe hanged, kild, and drounde
Well let me see whether shall I trace, my maister for to finde?
Let me see: welfare a heede, that can bryng suche thinges in minde.
It maie be that he hath heard, the Pirats for to saie,
That thei would sende his Ladie to Marcus Ile, to sell her awaie:
And that he is gone thither to winne her from hym againe,
Here is no remeede I must thether, and that a maine. Exit.

Here entreth Lamphedon.

phedō. THough deepe dispaire doeth driue in doubt, due honor to disgrace
Though dreadfulnesse doth daste the mind, beyng in vncouth place
Though harte is harded to hazard forthe, in Ladies cause to trie,
Against her cruell crabbed foe, and venture life to die.
Yet must he be aduisedly, and in suche kinde of sort,
That as well through witte as strength, it maie deserue report:
Therefore Lamphedon take good harte, like Troilus in strength,

Anw

And liue in hope through fearce assault, to foile thy foe at length.
Though that thou want Vlises skill, for to imagine iust,
Or to deuide in rightest wise, whiche waie begin thou must:
Beholde in harte through fearce assault, thy cruell foe to foile,
And ende his daies to merite praise, or yeeld thee to the spoile.
I straight will summon on his shield, to trie his force and strength,
In hope through helpe of mightie Mars, to win the feeld at length:
Thou Tiraunt Cardolus, who dost inclose, within thy fortresse strong
Faire ladies to their mortall greef, and proferst them suche wrong.
Come forthe, for lo mauger thy force, Ile sommon on thy sheeld:
In hope to set those ladies free, and ende thy daies in feeld.

Here entreth Cardolus.

WHat vauntyng verlet dares presume, to trie Cardolus stregth: Cardol
Who neuer dealt with none as yet, but foiled thē al at length:
Who dares a liue presume to tread, within Marofus Ile,
Except he licence craue of me: ile cause hym straight requile.
What wight a liue dares once presume, to sommon on my sheeld,
Who dares presume for ladies cause, to trie my strength in feeld?
And yet my thought I heard some one, to sommon on the same,
Tushe Cardolus he is fled for dread, and hides his hedde for shame.
No Cardolus, thinke not but I, who present here doe stande, Lampl
Dare trie thy strength with courage bolde, and foile thee hande to hande
What thinkest thou that I come to thee, to sommon on thy sheeld.
And dare not be we thy warlike showe, that thou dost make in feeld.
Yes yes Cardolus prepare thy self, if so thou thinkest best,
For loe to set those ladies free, beholde I here am prest:
And therefore yeeld them straight to me, from out thy prison strong,
Or els prepare to thy strength, I will no tyme prolong.
Alas poore wretche what meanest thou, to trace from native foile, Cardo
To ende thy daies by me thy foe, within Marofus Ile?
Thinkest thou thy self meete matched wretche, to deale in fight with me
In faithe princox I doubt not but sone, thy courage coolde shall bee.
What Cardolus first let vs trie, and when that we haue doen, Lampl
Let hym that doeth subdue his foe, vaunt of victorie wonne:
For why, the wight that reckeneth before, that he obtaine,
Maie chaunce to recken twice, and then his recknyng is in vaine.
So thou to vaunt of victorie, before thou gaine the same,

Maiest

Maiest chaunce to haue thy Pecocks taile, brought lowe vnto thy shame
And therefore let vs first beginn, and when that we haue doen,
Let hym triumphe with victorie, that hath the conquest woue:
dolus. Saiest thou me so prinkor, with speede then desende thee,
nphedō. Doe thy worst Cardolus I feare not, so I intende me.
dolus. O Gods, for want of breathe, my might beginnes to faile,
nphedō. Then lustely Lamphedon, thy foe to assaile:
dolus. o stay sir knight, end not through fight my daies, but grasit me grace
nphedō. A wretch I denaie thee, for I intende to slea thee, or I frō hēce trace
dolus. O staie thy hande moste worthie knight, and graunt to me my life,
And thou shalt see if in my holde, there doe remaine thy wife:
nphedō. Naie wretche that shall me not suffice, for I will straight set free,
All Ladies that within thy holde, as it remainyng bee.
And yet besides ile ende thy daies, or I from hence doe goe,
dolus. O staie thy hande moste worthie knight, and worke not my last woe
All that whiche appertaines to me, I fully yeeld to thee,
If so thou wilt ostende thy grace, and pardon graunt to me.
phedō. Well, I am perswaded in my minde, thy pardon for to graunt,
Although at first or we begonne, of victorie thou didst vaunt:
Yet shall it be to this entent, thou yerely shalt resigne,
For this Marosus Ile, the whiche I maie now keepe as mine.
Fiue hundred Crounes yerely to paie, at Penticost the same,
Or els be sure the somme vnpaied, ile ende thy daies with shame:
And eke besides ile set them free, that in thy holde doe rest,
How saiest thou now, doe answere me, as please thy fansie best.
olus. O worthie knight I graunt thereto, thy tribute for to paie,
And liue thy thrall, at becke and call, vntill my diyng daie:
And eke beside those Ladies, whiche thou camst for to set free,
Take here the keyes with humble harte, I yeeld them all to thee.
phedō. Well then stande vp Cardolus straight, and let vs hence departe,
For who to vewe my Ladie she, I doe desire with harte:
Wherefore Cardolus come awaie, I charge thee straight with speede,
olus. I readie am to waight sir knight, when you shall thinke it neede.

Here entreth Nomides.

ides. AH Gods, what wight hath greater cause, for to lament then I,
That caused am to craue the thing, that ofte I did deny?
What wight would sue vnto his foe, whom ofte he did offende?

Or

Or mercie craue at any tyme, of cruell crabbed frende:
Ha Nomides thou forced art to bowe to Cupid hee,
Whom thou before didst so abhorre, his captiue thrall to bee.
Why did I spight, like retchlesse knight, thy cunnyng skate or force?
Why did I eke this dame speake, iust cause of no remorce:
Ha Gods, am I become a louer now, or suiter for to be,
Whom erst did force no whit for loue, nor for Cupido he:
Would Gods when first I wed the sight of Metrea that dame,
Whose comely fauour it was, that forste my harte to flame:
I had been dewyng of the thing, whiche man doeth moste detest,
Then should not wofull louers paines, haue broiled in my brest.
Ha Metrea, would Gods my sore were in thy brest a greef,
Then would I nothing doubt, but that in time to haue reliefe:
Why Nomides, doest thou not knowe, she is but a seruaunt she:
And thou a knight, and valiaunt wight, of famous stocke to be.
Why shouldest thou ought to dispaire herein, but bolden forth my harte
Sith that thou art constrained, through force of blinde Cupidos darte:
But ha alas, this greeues my harte, that Leostines her maister he,
Of long hath been for former grudge, an enemie to me.
Whiche will be cause I maie not come, to speake with her at all,
Nor behold her Cristall hue whose sight it was, that forst my fall:
But staie, good newes, I see here enters thy ladies woman foole,
Whom she for Charitie tooke in, and keepeth yet to schoole.
Now shall I knowe of simple soule, where my sweete Ladie is,
Or sende her letter if I please, and of her sight not misse.

Here entreth Lomia the naturall.

HEie deladyng deladyng dats a good boie, Lomia.
Thou shalt goe with me a Soudaie:
Ha barlakyng I am a trim scholler, and a good wench indeede,
My Ladie saies and I will learne well and take heede.
She will giue me a trim Veluet cap with a feather,
To put on my hedde against cold weather:
And my Ladie will make me a trim long coate, downe to the grounde,
And if any will marie me, she will giue him twentie & a hundred pounde.
My Ladie can dance, so she can and I must learne too,
Els I shall neuer get me a husbande, for all that euer I can doe:
And my Ladie can plaie tedull tedull, in a paire of Virgine holes,

And I must learne euery daie too, as sone as I haue set in coles.
And my Ladie will be here anone, and we must walke together,
If it holde vp and doe not raine, but be faire weather:
Dats a good babie crie out than,
And thou shalt haue a napell a nan.

nides. Now hope doeth saie I shall obtaine, the sight of Ladie deare,
If for her sake some paines I take, to staie her commyng heare:
Ile fall in talke with this her foole, till she approche in place,
Whereby I maie more familiarly declare, to her my case.
How now faire Ladie, whether passe you this waie?

ia. For sothe my Ladie her none selfe did?

nides. What did thy Ladie?

ia. Marie giue me leaue to plaie,

nides. Who is thy Ladie, and what is thy name?

ia. I am Lomia and she my Ladie Metrea, that late hether came.

nides. How saiest thou my Ladie Lomia, wilt thou change cotes with me?

ia. No thinke not you haue a foole in hande, I warrant ye,

nides. Why Lomia, my cloke will become thee excellent and braue.

ia. I waie ile none of your clokes, ile tell my Ladie you are a knaue.
I can not on my Ladies arant go,
But you will be medlyng with maids, whether thei will or no:
If thou werst no honester then I, thou wouldst plaie the knaue,
But ile tell my Ladie on thee so I will, what thou wouldest haue.

nides. Naie Lomia do not, and ile giue thee a penie, to buie thy baby clouts

ia. A you mocke me so you doe, you doe but flouts:
Safer a you mock, you will giue vs none at all,

nides. Here it is Lomia to buie thee a Minefur cap or a call.

ia. O God, is it good to eate safar, how saie you?

nides. Take it Lomia, tis some hard to digest, I tell you true,

ia. O God, O God, ile tell my Ladie, she will be here by and by,
That you giue folkes hard geare to eate, to make them crie:
O God my Ladie come to this hangman,
And beate hym awaie.

Here entreth Metrea.

ea. HOw now my Ladie Lomia, how chaunce it you doe staie?

ia. My Ladie heres a hangman will not let maides alone:
But giues folkes hard geare to eate, as hard as a bone,

Dio

Did he Lomia, we will put water in his potage, & cut his rost meat with
But perchãce he is inamored of thee, he wil haue thee to his wife (a knife
Ile be none of his wife my Ladie, he is a trim housebande for you, Lomia
I perceiue though fooles want discretiõ, yet their meanyng are true Nomic
Faire Ladie in absence yours, as I abroad did trace,
I met your femall foole, with whom I had conferance for a space:
Of whiche I hope you will accept the same in waie of ieste,
And not to iudge of simple men, as women thinke it beste.
Though women some there be, that iudge of men deuoide of skill, Metre
There are sure thrice as many men, that deme of women ill:
And therefore sure that argues not, men doe the worst thei can,
And women by your leaue, at tymes will doe as ill as man.
What tho sir knight: lets leaue this talke, I am no pleader I,
Yet heare my talke, O perles dame, and then seme to replie: Nomic
At your request a while ile staie, your talke sir knight to heare, Metre
Then hope I that nought but true faithe in me, shall well appeare: Nomic
Ladie, the wounded Dere whose tender brest is prest, wt quarrell grosse
And forced eke through fierce assault, to peele to rauenyng hound.
For spillyng blood to issue out, from tender brest apace,
Beginnes to trudge with triple steps, before his foes in chase:
The egar hounde pursues a maine, till Dere his some doeth caste,
In midst of waie, whiche plaine doeth shewe, he nere hath run his laste.
The hounde whose nature is to knowe, what state the Dere is in,
For to procure more freshe assault, he straight doeth there begin:
And at the length he pulles him doune, except he water take,
Whiche if he maie, then is he sure the houndes will him forsake.
So I whose harte is clouen in twaine, through quarell fiercely shotte,
That from my tender brest the blood, like fountaines droppeth hotte:
Am faine like Dere through greedie hounde, from herde for to departe,
By reason of the blinded bote, that did me so subuerte.
The houndes of greef vnherded me, and drowned me in chace,
Where I with treple steppes did flie, but thei persued a pace:
Till at the length my strength did waste, and runnyng eke did faile,
For why, the hounds of deepe dispaire, my senses did so assaile.
The frothe also is readie cast vpon my tender backe,
For why, alas thei me persued, but I beyng to slacke:
Now want I nought but water brooke, whiche if I maie obtaine,

O Ladie deare then am I sure, from boundes to scape vnstaine.
Lo heare deare dame, iudge of the same, as lightly as you maie,

trea. I shall sir knight vnto my might, and simple skill here saie:
A cursed maie that Brooke be sure, that would not you imbrace,
For whose sweete sake you wounded were, and eke pursued in chase.
Her siluer streames vnworthie is, her wonted course to keepe,
And for suche an enuious offence, a thousande woes to reepe:
But if I were the Brooke sir knight, and that it laie in me,
To aide you from your cruell foes, and from this miserie,
I would. Wherefore accept sir knight, my good will if you please.

nides. Faire ladie, in none but you it lieth, my sorowes for to ease,
Tis you your self, O noble dame, whom you accused thus:
Who neuer knewe my greefe before, the truthe for to discus.
You are the streames for whose sweete sake, I haue desired so,
After my grecuous wounde once giuen, to skape too, from my foe:
Accept my suite O peereles dame, denaie not my good will
But yeeld to me my wished praie, whiche I desired still,
And let me not for your sweete sake, O ladie die for loue.

rea. Sir knight, there staie, demaunde the thing no more þ will not proue
I am readie linkt in loue with one, who faithfull is,
For whose sweete sake ile neuer loue, if of his loue I misse.

nides. Why ladie, then you kill my harte for aie,

rea, What naie? take a man to plaie suche a part, and the night shalbe daie
Come Lomie, let vs hence straight wende,

nides. Why ladie? Then my life shall ende:

rea. No no sir knight, you nerde not feare,

nides, Well ladie, for your sweete sake, the greefs I beare.

rea. Come, rise Lomia, and let vs hence awaie, Exit.

lia. Yes forsoothe my ladie, shall we goe plaie?
Gasar I thanke you for my penie, to buie my babie some cloutes,
O God, hangman you, I forgot to tell that you did floutes. Exit.

nides. O Gods, how like is this the sute of ladie Sabia she,
Who seekes eche waie, bothe night and daie, to gaine the loue of me:
Now maie I saie that heauenly powers, doeth iustly me reward,
For that to Sabias proffered loue, I tooke so light regard.
Yet shall not this dismaie me ought, yet once more will I proue,
Experience shewes faint harted knights wins neuer faire ladies loue:

And

And women are of nature ſuche, thei alwaies doe require,
That men ſhould ſeeke, and alſo creepe, to gaine that thei deſire.

Here entreth Lamphedon.

O Gods, what wight is pincht with paine, as is Lamphedon he? Lampl
What harte hath had ſo ſodaine lope, and ſtraight ſuche miſerie?
Clariſia for thy ſake I forced nought, to trie Cardolus ſtrength,
In hope for to haue founde thee there, to breede my lope at length.
But alas hope failes me now, experience plaine doeth tell,
That cruell Pirats drounde my loue, in fomyng waues that ſwell:
In vaine I did the combate fight, with ſtout Cardolus he,
Would Gods it had now been his chaunce, in fight to haue ſlaine me.
Not Tantalus in hell doeth feele, the tormentes whiche I taſte,
Nor Siſiphus who roules the ſtone, and it rebounds in haſte:
Not all the Furies in like caſe, nor impes of Limbo lake,
Scarſe feels the torments I ſuſtaine, for my deare Ladies ſake.
Well Lamphedon ſith Ladie thine is ded, and drouned long time ſince,
Prepare to ende thy vitall daies, or thou depart from hence:
Drawe forthe thy blade, ſeeke to inuade, the breath that lies in breſt,
Regard not life, ſince care and ſtrife, will neuer let thee reſt.
But firſt ye Muſes nine refraine, from notes of wonted lope,
And from your inſtrumentes ſo ſweete, to waile my greate anoye:
Now ceace thy plaints Lamphedō wretch, and ende thy cares and wo,
And rid thy life with goryng knife, or thou from Ile doeſt go.
And powers doe graunt for to receiue, my ſoule to heauens hie,
And that it there maie take reſt, where my ſweete Ladie doeth lie.

Here encreth Conditions.

Taie thy hande Cardolus, for I come not for to fight, Condi
As I am an honeſt gentleman, and a right courteous knight:
Ha gods, good newes I hope, for this the captain ſure ſhould be
With whom thei ſaie thei ſent my loue, to ſell to Cardolus he.
Come forth thou wretche and ſtraight confeſſe, where my deare ladie is Lamp
Or els to worke thy finall ende, be ſure I ſhall not miſſe:
Ha Cardolus, I minde not fight, to gaine fiue hundered pounde, Cond
Then wherefore didſt thou venter, to tread on his grounde? Lamp
Ha, to bring ſuche newes, as is for your eaſe, Cond
What is that, expreſſe it quickly, and feme not to leaſe: Lamp
If you take me with a lye, hang me like a counterfeit knaue, Cond

phedō. Come forthe if it be for my behoofe, due pardon thou shalt haue.
ditions Ha, was there euer villaine in suche kinde of takyng as I?
I am so beset that tis vnpossible to deuise a lye.
And shall please you Cardolus, there is a certaine knight,
Commyng to winne awaie, one of your Ladies faire by fight:
Now I for good will I beare you, came to tell you thesame,
Least in sodaine at vnwares your woes, he should chance to frame.
For he is the veriest sot, that euer lookt champion on the face,
I dare sweare if you giue hym a blowe, he would runne hence apace:
phedō. If all this bee true, I thanke thee for thy good will,
But I praie thee expresse his name, that mindeth me suche ill.
ditions Ah now am I readie, to beraie my self for feare,
For I am in doubt that Lamphedon alreadie hath been heare:
Well whether he hath or not, the truthe needes I must saie.
Least I beyng proued contrary, should worke myne owne decaie.
Ha and it shall please you, Lamphedon is his name,
The Dukes sonne of Phrigia, that pretended thesame:
phedō, Ha wretche where is my ladie thou broughts to sell to Cardolus he,
Confesse the trothe, or be thou sure, thy daies sone ended shalbe.
ditions Ha Cardolus, staie thy hande, ile fight for no Ladie I,
phedō. No wretche my name is Lamphedon, and that thou sone shalt trie:
ditions Iesus knowe you not me, I am Conditions your man,
And for naught els to seeke you onely, I hether ran.
phedō. Conditions stand vp, I haue subdued Cardolus, & am neuer the nere,
And haue set all his Captiues free, but Clarisia is not there:
Whiche breedeth my care, and impaireth my wealthe,
itions Be of good cheare noble Lamphedon, your Ladie is in healthe.
But is in Phrigia as a seruaunt, with Leostines he,
And liueth in greate greef and miserie:
For why, she thinkes you not a liue, but drounde this is plaine,
hedō. Ha Gods, is this true Conditions, and doest thou not faine?
itions Iesus, why when did you take me with a lye?
Be bolde, that whiche I once saie, I will not deny:
hedō. How came my Ladie to be a seruaunt, I praie thee expresse,
itions As we trace on our waie, the whole to you I shall confesse.
But where is Cardolus, noble knight, that he is not in place?
hedō. I haue pardoned hym, Conditions, and graunted hym grace:

Upon

Upon condition he shall never offende Ladie againe,
And eke to yeeld me tribute, whilst life he doeth retaine.
Well then let vs be ioggyng, towards your Ladie apace, Conditi
That is the place to whiche I moste desire for to trace: Lamph
Wherefore with speede, Conditions, come let vs awaie: Exit.
Proceade on for by your leaue, I minde not here to staie, Conditi
I would it had been my chaunce, to trie with Cardolus he:
Ha tis a wonder, that suche strength in a little mans arme should be,
But be your leaue, tis good to be merie and wise, the truthe to saie,
Tis not for the weake harte, with the Lion for to plaie:
Well there is no remedie, I must after my maister Lamphedon he,
For I dare sweare he thinkes it long, till with his Ladie he be.

Here entreth Leostines with Metrea.

LAdie Metrea, and seruaunt eke, attentiue be with speede, Leostin
For why to rest thy faithfull freend, beholde I haue decreede:
Sith that the powers haue lent to me, none heire for to enioye,
My Lordship greate when sisters three, shall breede my last anoye.
And sith in suche straunge kinde of sort, thou happendst to me,
Thou shalt from this tyme forthe, deare dame, no more a seruant be:
But I will take thee as my owne, and onely daughter deare,
For that I see virginitie, in thee doeth still appeare.
And when that death shall ende my daies, and I to ground am throwne
For vertues that in you we see, receiue euen as thine owne:
My landes and lordships euery deale, but if the powers graunt life,
We will doe what there lieth in vs, to spouse thee as a wife:
Unto some knight of famous stocke, and so prefer thy state,
In matchyng thee with suche a one, as shall thee not forsake.
Loe here deare dame accept me still, euen as thy onely sire,
And when thou wants, aske what thou wilt, thou shalt haue thy desire:
Right loueng Lorde Leostines, and onely maister eke, Metrea.
Whose harte is set and also bent, my onely ioyes to seeke.
Doe graunt your simple seruaunt here, to vtter forthe her minde,
And then accept her as she is, and as you doe her finde:
Why Metrea, aske what thou wilt, I am contented I, Leostin
Then aide Apollo pleasaunt Muse, me rightly to replie. Metrea
Right reuerende Lorde Leostines, and maister in like case,
I yeeld your highnesse entire thankes, and if the Gods graunt grace:

I

I shall your simple fondlyng, here still ductifully remaine,
Els the heauens me consume with spede, and ende my daies with paine
I am your simple seruaunt here, and still would gladly rest,
But that your highnesse hath deuisde, what for my state is best.
Yet haue I one thing to demaunde, O worthie Lorde of thee,
Whiche if I maie obtaine, I doubt in happie state to dee:
stines. Why what is that my Metrea doe straight expresse the same,
rea. Tis all my whole desire, deare Lorde, to gaine a virgins name.
stines. Why Metrea, what should you so desire to liue in suche [illegible] sort?
And through your single life in tyme, to gaine some misse report:
Why should you eke disdaine the state of wedlocke in this case?
Or seme for to abuse the lawe of Iunos noble grace?
No doe not so my Metrea deare, sith that dame Natiue she,
Hath framed with thusfull workmanship, suche comelinesse in thee:
Thou maiest in tyme obtaine some one, vnto thy louyng feere,
As will thee count his cheefest ioye, and onely darlyng deere.
Wherefore be ruldе, perswade thy minde, incline to my request,
And I will seeke if God permit, what for thy state is best:
Whiche shalbe also to thy minde, if so thou wilt agree,
ea. Ye heauens still doe strengthen me.
Deare Lorde Leostines, more to saie my tongue vnable is,
To render you the entire thankes, that you deserue I wis:
Yet hope I that your honour will consider as you finde,
Sith that my tongue vnable is, to vtter as I minde,
So graunt your simple seruaunt here, to liue in Dians chase,
For so she setts her whole delight, eche follie to displace:
She forceth nought of Iunos games, she countes them but abuse,
To rest in true virginitie, suche games she will refuse:
Lo here deare Lorde, doe graunt to her, in virgines state to rest,
For why I thinke and deeme in minde, that for my state is best.
And not for that I thinke my wit, should passe your noble skill,
But from my infancie till now, haue I request it still,
Lo here deare Lorde, on knees I craue, the somme of my desire:
ines. Stande vp Metrea, sith thou wilt needes, thou shalt the same aspire.
I am content that thou shalt liue, in virgines sacred lawe,
So that without my full consent, from thence thou neuer drawe:
No this is all I binde thee to, answere me I craue,

No